The Sege of the castel of Edinburgh

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Impzentit at Edin
burgh be Robert Lekpzentit, Anno. M. D
xxxiii.

Mr Gibson
his gift

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Vlchemēt of Veruk mak ze wo for the gude
To ring zour dzūmis & rank zour mē of
Addzes zour armour bosīd zow for debait (weir
With sound of trūpet mak zour steids to steir
Sen ze ar stelkes that weil dar frecht but fer.
As for exampill we haue sene zow ellis,
Lyk as the last tym that zour Camp come heir
Lend vs ane bourrouig of zour auld blak bellis.

Zour camp conuoyit but cūmer thzo withs land
In gude array and rewlit by thair rank.
Reddie to pas as plesit vs command,
Thzow all our bounds to the west sey bank.
Thocht sum mē say ze serue bot lytill thank
Suppose occatioun cum vrsit of thame sellis.
As thay haue bzouin ȝ bargane sa thay dzank
And rewis ȝ tyme ȝ euer thay law zour bellis.

I will repeit na poleceis put doun,
Sen plesit God that we aggree to giddir.
Except thay crak thair credence to the Croū.
Than fair weil thay the fynd resaue thair fidder
God saue hir G. that will our cause conidder
And as I dout not wil ourdzyue thir dangeris
As scho befoir tyme send hir forces hidder
To help vis cōtrie clene fra forane straungeris.

To call to mynd hir mony fauld gude deidis,
First scho reformit the fals Idolatrie,
I am in dout in ony realme quha redis.
Of sa lang tyme with sic tranquillitie,

Sic faithfull in thee with cruiltie.
Sic frendlesip keipit to hir faiss lang,
Scotland may say for oure brilitie.
That neuer ane bettir prince in Inglād rang.

That beand de me scho did conferme a pace,
And mand the frenchis lāg tyme had bene sole
with stanchelg bludelched wes not eith to ceise
That men may pas not sperand quhair he gois
Syne at the lege of Leith scho sparit ane pois
And dang the frenchmē quhill we dochi not do
Quhill hame thay past in fyre of all thair wois
with lose of men and left munitioun to.

Quhat toung hes langage to declair at lenth
Thair greit artalzerie nor thair men of weir.
France wes not able to withstand thair strenth
For powder, and bullet, bowis, and vther geir
Quhat chargis wes hir schip's at, may I speir,
Surmonting fyfte hunder tho wsand frankis,
And zit for all the grandy hir grace send heir
Ingratfull people gaue hir lytill thank.

Our Regent slane syne as I [illegible]
Sedytyle and contentious rais in to the land.
Treasoun, inuy, did vertew sa deuoir,
Quhill all wes doue as murthour did cōmand.
wes nane sa stout durst tak the feir on hand
Sa had the traist bene heir wer not for schame.
Quhen we sic frendlesip furth of Ingland land
Thay fand ane army heir with Leuenor yame.

Conuoyt with Wyrle ruchtelie in deid.
And as I help mair haist wes neuer done.
To Glasgw past with mony tropit steid
Thair skaith the sege reteirit the castell sone.
Doun to Dunbartane on the morne at none,
He raid bot few not fering thame agane him.
Zit of that parrell I prayse the Lord abone,
He chapit weill fra villanis wald haue slane him.

That panefull progres I think ill to tell,
Sen thay ar bowit and bruderit in our band.
Bot at this present tyme ertm zour sell,
Quhat conforz hes thair Quene send to this land.
Is not the cannones cum at zour cõmand,
Strecht to distroy the traitoures wald ouir gang vs
Commonis may erye lang mot that frendschip stand,
And this tirranis sic blythnes brocht amang vs.

At Leith thay landit harneles in the Heuin,
With powder and bullet gunnis and vther geir,.
Bot all thair plaitformes in to dayis seuin,
Not lasting na thing that belangit to weir.
Sum wormen had we or the camp come heir,
Iacques Gelliam gangand lyke ane besy be.
The gabiounes maband I sall the trinsches meir,
Quha mycht do mair but ordinance nor we.

The walis wes heuh we culd not weil persew thame
Bot quhen we gat thame doun full deir thay borcht it
Besyde the wou at syndrie tymes we slew thame,
That euer thay saw vs sum of thame forthocht it

Sche faithfull in fleé with ciuilitie.
Sche freindschip keipit to hir faiss lang,
Scotland may say for oure vtilitie.
That neuer ane bettir pynce in Inglãd rane.

That beand dismesbo did co
And mand the freindis slãg
With stanchelg bludeiched
That men may pas not sper
Syne at the segeof Leith
And dang the frenchmẽ qub
Quhill hame thay past in fl
With lose of men and left

Quhat toung hes langage
Thair greit artalzerie nor
France wes not ablevo wit
For powder, and bullet, bo
Uuhat chargis wes hir schips at, may I spele,
Surmonting fiftie hunder thowsand frankis,
And zit for all the grandy hir grace send heir
Ingratfull people gaue hir lyttil thank.

Our Regent slane syne as
Sdryfe and contentioun raise in to the land.
Treasoun, inuy, did vertue sa deuoir,
Quhill all wes done as murthour did cõmand.
Wes nan sa stout durst tak the steir on hand
Sa has the cause be he that wer not for schame.
Quhen we se freindschip furth of Inglãd land
Thay kend ane army heir with Leuenor yame.

RENO
PAGE

Connoyt with Byrle duchtelie in deid.
And as I hoip mair haist wes neuer done.
To Glasgw past with mony tropit steid
Thair skaith the lege relcuit the castell sone.

[illegible] mozne at none,
[illegible]ame agane him.
[illegible] the Lozd abone,
[illegible]wald haue slane him.

[illegible]nk till to tell,
[illegible]derit in our band.
[illegible]n zour sell,
[illegible]ene lend to this land.
[illegible] zour cõmand,
[illegible]oures wald ouir gang vs
[illegible]not that frendschip stand,
[illegible]ns bzought amang vs.

At Leuy wap cannon gat meles in the Heuin,
With powder and bullet gunnis and vther geir,.
Dyst all thair platformes in to daj is stuin,
Not laiding na thing that belangit to weir.
Sum wozkmen had we oz the camp come heir,
Jacques Gelliam gangand vpbe ane bely be.
The gabiounis maband laid the trinsches neir,
Quha myght do mair but ordinance noz we.

The walls wes heuh we cuid not weil persew thame
Bot quhen we gat thame doun full deir thay bocht it
Be syde the wall at syndrie tymes we slew thame,
That euer thay saw vs sum of thame forthocht it

Ane poysonit woll to drink quhat docht it.
Infekit watter sowllit thame cheik and chin,
Persauing that sorrow mair thay socht it.
Bot keppit standkulis at the skalatis thair in.

The castell segit and all beset about,
With sowpis wyde inueronit be slycht.
Montanis and myndis leit neuer man luik out,
For ordinance thay dang at day and nycht.
Bot warlyk wolpis thocht the wallis wes wycht,
Zit dowbell battrie brak thame all in inschis.
Of Dauris touce in all the toune menis sycht,
Thay rig zein stanes come tumland ouir the trinschis

The vehement schot zeid in at ather syde,
By threttie Cannonis plaist at partis seuin.
Quhill thay thair in mycht not thair heidis hyde,
For Pot Gun pellettis falland from the heuin.
The Bumbard stanis derectlie fell sa euin.
That in to dykis by dint it deidly dang thame,
Quhill all the houssis in the place wes reuin.
The bullatis brak sa in to bladis amang thame.

Continewand this ane dosand of dayis or mair,
Quhill tyme apointit neuer man durst steir.
The larum rang the Regent self wes thair,
My Lord Imbassat to stuid verry neir.
The manlie Generall lyke the god of weir,
Not vsit to sleip quhen sic thingis ar a do,
Our Cronall als quha is ane freik bot feir,
With all his Capitanes reddie to ga to.

Schir Hyrie Leis wes present at that charge,
My Lord Berclayis sone to Stuid beside.
Cottoun and Dyar saw the sowt at large.
And Schir Gorge Carie to the knauis he cryde,
Zit Hume and Crafurde to the laue wes gyde.
With certane Scioutis of the garysoun.
Four Capitanis followit at thair bak to byde,
Sempill and Hectour Ramsay and Robesoun.

Bot Hume wes first that outr the walis wan,
As I heir say I wes not thair my sell.
The Generall sayis he playit the bailzeant man,
With prayllis mo nor I intend to tell.
Thocht Crafurdis ledder wes to schort ane ell,
Zit outr the walis he wan I wat not how.
Dunbartan to quhen sic lyke fortoun fell,
Thir wes the men that wan it I tell zow.

The Generallis band come bauldlie at thair bak,
Schir Feances Russall with ane gudlie grace.
Yarlie and Erintoun nather of thame wes slak,
Twa vther Careis, knowis, and Capitanis face.
Than wes perse wand at ane vther place.
Bzeikwell, and Lammy, Mychell, a Capitan Game,
Bauld Capitane Weid, that euir held to his face.
Pickman, and Wood, did bailzeantly the same.

Spzeill, Spadyn, Traill, Hutsoun, and all the laus,
Bartoun, and Stirlie, Capitan Duberie slane.
Thoise at the bak wall wes the bzasche thay gaue,
For lake of ledderis thair thay wzocht in vane.

The men within maid sic defence agane.
Thay schot gude Manfrid in athort the throte.
Quhill fyre did fall and than I saw thame fane,
To cry Peccaui with the wauitman noit.

Halyburtoun Strauchan with thair standarts fluid
Seirburne & Schaftoun hes followit on thame fast.
Auenis and Barrat baith wer men of gude,
Greffeone and Hatis wes laith for to be last,
Crippis and Cantrell to the parrell past.
Auld Capitã Leirmonnt with ane lusk to bang thame
Gude M. Setoun maid thair grumis agast,
He gart the Cannones ga sa thik amang thame.

Cut gais the Hergbut in the Cannon glydis,
Bzak al in bladdis thay docht not weill abyde thame.
Crottar and fiftie fell and losse the bydis.
The laue sa fleit thay wist not quhen to byde thame,
Dismontit cannones slew the men besyde thame.
The Hubbartis swarfit and said thay wald not sar.
Tix houst wes gud had thay had grace to gyde thame
Quhen all wes done we had not bene the nar.

Let na man lipin in to wardlie strenth,
Bot Gode grund thay may na thing indure.
Traitouris and treasone taibe tryit at lenth.
Quhen men wald tanest all thair dises smure
Sa Grange beleuit the madin Castell muir.
Hauand ne fozris to defend his touris.
Bot mell with madenis quhen thay play the huir,
With amis the entre and than the houle is zouris.

The Madene Castell & Wes cuild hang
with honour ay that nobill Kyle is kuir.
with wemenis will ze do thame lytill wrang.
To iaip thame sa I think it na inuir.
Namair our Madene Castell playit the hwir,
Bot ruik appointm̄et quhen thair wes na parel
Ye maidis had the wyte I say the lous wes suir
Had they bene gratious with ane godlie quarel

Thay micht not byde it for the greit munitioun,
Bot dzew in factiones quhan the larum rang.
Sum thocht it gude to cum and seik remissioun,
And sum said best the Secreter to hang.
To his illusiones we belcuit ouir lang.
Ane cruibit Ethnik and ane trewall God,
Inuentand witchecraft ay deuysand wrang.
Lat nanzeue credance to ane dzytand God.

The Grang grew keyit & waild na mait deill &
For want of watter with ane poysonit well,
His men wes slane and mekle powder spend &
And wantit force to fill the waiks that fell
Thair is bill smaikrie I think till to ten,
With luik lyke Lrounes and sa lytill done.
Fy dzubin dastartis ze haue schamit zour sell
That said sa weill and syne gaue out sa sone.

Durig this pointm̄et thair wes change of graith
& ti gat ane buttene for thair being thair
Eten wes the credence geuin to suddartis faith
Bath gold and siluer and of Marchand wais

B.

A [illegible] Inglis [illegible]
Be thair expremis for thair cumyng hidder.
Than on the morne thay maid this plus vp fast;
With Scottis & Inglis spulȝie all ȝeid togidder.

Vpone that spulȝie I will speind na tyme,
Thay spent nocht aller oats for to buse thair breid
The suddartis suffis wes sa ouirlaid wt lyme(is
Sum gripit gold and gat the thing he seikis,
Sa stand beside and gat not wo3th t was leikis,
As I thair say I wes not thair to se.
Sa gat thair handfull of thir half mark seikis
Will haue na mair within ane ȝeir no3 we.

Thay schot na keyis to byek the coffris thame,
Ane day of blythnes for the men of weir.
Sum stuid beside ane wonderous fozie mure
Ane dullfull day for thame that lost thair geir.
First sawin tane and syne thay durst not steir:
Thair wes compleit the prophecie of Knox.
Doun fra that Crage Birdcaldy sall reteir,
With schame and sclander lyke ane hundis fox.

With gild of pepile sa thay brocht thame doun,
As birdis but plumis spulȝeit of the nest.
Bart cryde quhair is he let vs se the loun,
Go to and staen him let him tak na rest.
Quhs thay ȝ buir him sa w thame selfis oppzest,
Thay cryit for succour for to sauf thair lyuis
The Generallis lugeing thair thay thocht it best:
Thay led him in thay war sa red for wyuis.

The Regent tuik gart mak ane inhibitioun
To leue the fpuilȝe vnder pane of deid.
He cuist for ryng bot the Kingis mantiloun,
As for the leue thair wes bot fyftie leid.
To tak the hous thair wes na mair remeid,
With all the fuultis myght follow he wes tane.
Iganis ane Haikney I fall wed my heid,
Grange beis not Capitan of that Craig agane.

With this the Generall wes reterit a bak,
Went doun to Leith quhair he had bene befoir
Speik as ȝe pleis it wes ane ballȝeant ak,
And Wzurie Drulie did his full deuoir.
God gatand thankis the Quene fuld hane ȝ glois
We thank hir Maieſtie as the mater ſtandis.
God ſaue hir grace hes ſcho not gart reſtoir,
Zone captius rebellis in the Regentis handis.

By expectatioun of the commoun ſpeiking,
Wes it not thocht that Ingland fuld begyle vs
And ſum allegit it wes the Regents ſeiking,
To ſell the King and ſa thay wald ſurpryſe vs.
Creip in our ſtrenthis and ſuddanelie cryple vs
O Rurall pepill ruſticall and rude.
We ar the men that all the warld dois ſtyle vs,
Remembring till and geue na thankis for gude.

Ingratious pepill ignorant and vane,
Quhy do ȝe noit ȝour nychtbouris ay with ill.
Wer thay not bisith for to get hame agane,
Thocht ſum beleut thay wald haue tareit ſtill.

Quhat danger wes to bring sa greit multitude
In for ane landis with sic ane force indeid.
The only caus wes to auoyid suspitioun,
That men suld say thay come not heir for greid.
Thocht sum thair be of cankrit Cain seid,
Sawaris of discorde dois na vther thing.
Speik as thay pleis schame fall thair lippis ȝ lesd
Thay mene na thing bot tomarmene the King.

Haif thay not thys tymes in this thretteue zeir,
Ay quhen we socht thẽ send thair forces heddet
Baitht Schippis & Gunnis & martial mẽ of weir
To win our kyndnes geue we cuid confidder.
And now the last tyme quhen we send to bid hir
Wes scho not helpit to bois out zone Tod,
Lang moit thir countreis leue in pace togidder
And grow in freindschip to the leir of God.

¶ The Lemuy to the Regent.

O righteous Regent of ane Royall race,
Traitours may trembill to behald thy face.
Feiring thy furie for thair fould offences,
Geue gloirie God that bes the gentill grace.
Riches with reasoun for to reuell thair place.
Thow beand plantit in the seit of Dyncis,
Quhy thow wald prosper in thy mair preferrit.

Is nocht aganis Gaitanis baldo to ryche and pruif
That bowis bowsing nocht thy dayis indure.

Quhen God hes wrocht it I am weill contentt,
To mak of the that onlie instrument.
To cause this countrie for to knawe the kingis
It wes the leuing Lord Omnipotent,
That maid the Barrones sa obedient.
And nocht the force that thow to feild may bring
Wid neuir Regent in this Realme be thring.
Considdering alwayis as the matter stude,
And maid sic greance with sa lytill blude.

To speik of Regentis we haue had sic skyre,
Quhen God wes borne thair micht na battis by.
For wisdome, manheid, and for Godlynes,
Quhairfor hes God now laid this charge on thy
Bot lat, vs ken that it is onlie he.
That rewlis the Realme & nocht thy richteousnes
Remember Ahab for his fedrines.
Quha gart king Benhadab in his scheraige,
Quhilk wes his wyak be war ze do nocht so.

Quhairfor put God the ya wear in zour hand?
To puneis lounes that hes our laid this land.
By murthour, treasoun, dons fra zeir to zeir.
Geue ze obey not bydand thas Command,
I am in dout geue zour estait sall stand.
Bot sone be rutit fra this Realme I feir,
Sa pair neuer Agag fer na byde of geir.
Quhat come of Saull with his sact Deid thair
Ga reid the Bybill it will sone declair.

B. iij.

To hes trumpitis of that haistin roun,
My Lord of Murray wes degradit haist,
For not fulfilling of the Lordis desyre.
First God promouit him in the place abone,
Bot fra he saw that Justice wes not done.
He left the wicket cast the wand in fyre,
Be war sic materis meue not God to yre.
Geue ze be myndit on this mold remaine,
And pledit God I wald not change agane.

Lanuoy to the Ambassade.

My Lord Ambassade I haue lang forȝet,
Quhairfor indeid I haue not done my det.
And be sa cairfull for oure countris men,
For wit and wisdome worthie to be tret.
In baith the landis thair is bot few to get,
That wircht sa Godlie in this muse ze ken.
My dull indyte can not direct my pen,
And thocht I cuild it wald contene ane buik,
Ta put in paper all the panis he tuik.

He is not borne of better qualytie,
Of quiet speiche with great moralytie.
Na wering nor bairdȝie may be nan abyde
Detestand pryde and prodigalitie.
Ane equall Juge but perialytie,
For feid or fauour vnto ather syde.
Abone all vices subiect leist to pryde,
Ferme in his faith and full of Godlynes,
With martiall hart inclynit to myldenes,

Will micht thé couardis dote thé gude cõmand
That sic Ambassade in to Scotland send.
To speik sprichtlie and the treuth declair,
For na expensis did he spair to spend.
Quhill pece wes brocht vnto ane finall end
Quhar as he fand vs at the plukup fair.
With walkryfe labour and expensis sair,
God knawis in Scotland quhat he had ado,
With hatrik thé lydis or he culd bring vs to.

In winter weddirs baith in wind and rane,
Sum tyme with seikues sa ourset with pane.
He raid thrw montanes many mose and myre
In frost and snaw quhen all the foldis ar kane,
With double bonattis for to hap thair brane.
Then wes he wo[illegible]land our ane wondie swyre,
Sum tymes at nycht syne nor to se ane fyre:
Ar we addettit to sa trew [illegible]e strangear,
That for our profeit put him self in danger.

As Caleb send wes for to se the land,
The gydis that come gart Moyses vnderstand
The land wes feirfull and the pepill strang,
Because he knew it wes the Lordis cõmand.
He wald not stay bot stoutlie tuik on hand,
Richt vnabasitlis all that gait to gang.
Our thrw thair castellis & thair grantis dang,
Brocht thãe to miserie maid ane mynt to wyng
He wes þ Caleb sen he come a wãg vs. (vs

I dar be baild to say this hundyth yeir,
He wes not strangear borne nane welcum heir.
Nor plesit the Pyrichours half so weill as he,
On pure nor riche he neuer sparit his geir.
And geue ane Shuddart had bene schot in weir
He lowsit not to ga him self and se.
Sua with his countrie cuild so weill agrie.
To play the wyis mã quhen he wes with Lordis
Syne help the puirants as the cause requyris.

Heir reason wald that ze returne a bak,
We thank zow hartlie of the Godis ak.
Ze wrocht amang vs for to saif our bludc,
I zow beseik thir sempill wordis tak.
With als gude will as ony man can mak
Because ze knaw my cunning is not gude.
Ze man excuse my rurall rymis rude,
God saif our King and send him lyttil a do,
The Queue of Ingland and hir Counsall to.

FINIS.

Quod Sempill.

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